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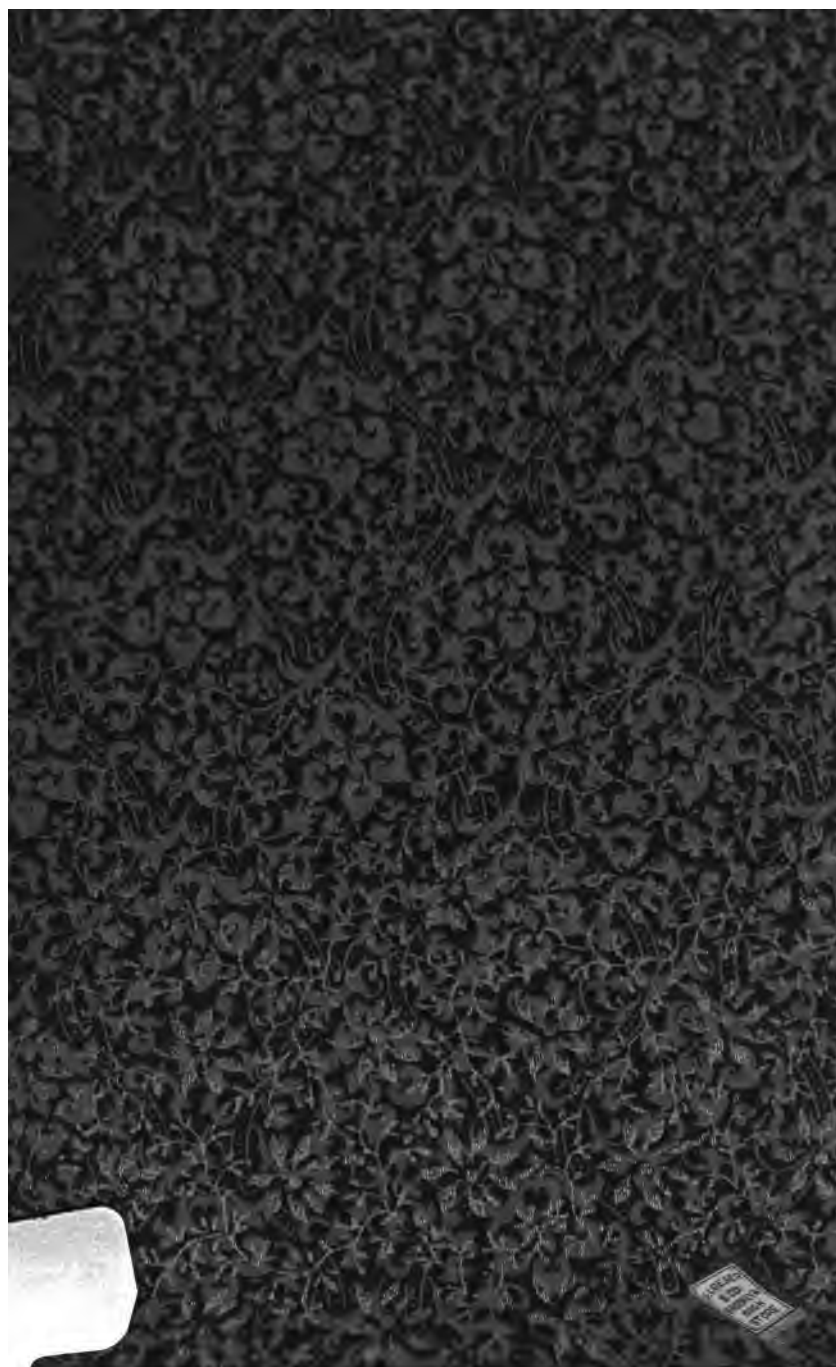


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IDLE HOURS



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M.E.

Wallace



IDLE HOURS

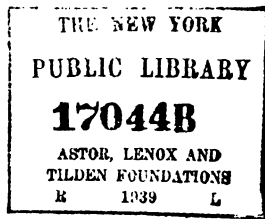
BY

W. DEWITT WALLACE

G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS

NEW YORK LONDON
27 West Twenty-third St. 27 King William St., Strand
Knickerbocker Press
1890

M. S. W.



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BY
DEWITT WALLACE

MC

The Knickerbocker Press, New York
Electrotyped, Printed, and Bound by
G. P. Putnam's Sons

TO HER
WHO IN THE BLOOM OF A BEAUTIFUL YOUTH,
DURING THE DARK DAYS OF CIVIL WAR,
AND ON THE EVE OF MY DEPARTURE FOR THE ARMY,
LINKED HER FORTUNES WITH MINE,
AND WHO HAS SINCE BEEN TO ME A DAILY BLESSING,
THIS LITTLE VOLUME
IS AFFECTIONATELY INSCRIBED.

WQ R 19 FEB '36

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
UNUTTERED POEMS	1
LOST	2
AUTUMN	3
ACROSS THE STREET	4
TO MARGARET	5
THAT LOVE-MATING DAY	6
THE GOOD MAN'S DEATH	7
TO ROZOLA	8
✓ LAFAYETTE	9
HEAVEN ON EARTH	11
THE POET'S ANSWER	12
HER EYES	13
LOVE	14
WAIT	15
MOTHER	16
FATHER	17
TO WOMAN	17
RIVERSIDE	18
AT RIVERSIDE	19
NEW YEAR'S DAY	20
✓ GRANT	22
ZENOBLA	23
WHEN LOVE DECEIVES	24
THE HUNTRESS	25
SHE SUNNED HER HAIR	27
MORAL COURAGE	28
SUCCESS	29

✓ FAREWELL TO PITTSBURGH	30
TO ANNIE LEE	31
IN MEMORY OF JOHN A. STEIN	32
TWO DAYS	33
TO ISABELLE	34
IN THE WOODS	34
THE INGRATE	35
SWEET BIRD, FEAR NOT	36
THE NATION'S DEAD	37
ENERGY	39
WHEN MOONLIGHT STREAMS	40
VESUVIUS; OR, THE GREAT KOKOMO GAS-WELL	41
FROM VELVET LIDS	42
BEWARE	43
SWEET WORDS ARE SOUR	44
THE ROBINS	45
PROGRESS	47
TO GIRLS	48
BE BRAVE	49
HARD TIMES	50
HYMN SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF PURDUE UNIVERSITY	51
THE DEATH OF LOVE	52
GUILLO'S ANSWER	53
GENIEVE IN PHOTOGRAPH	55
ON CLIFTON HEIGHTS	57
MOTHER'S LOVE	58
TO JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS	58
CAN I DO NAUGHT?	59
FLY-FISHING IN TIPPECANOE RIVER	60
CATCHING A PIKE	61
THE SOLDIER BOY	67
THE LAST TOURNAMENT	72
MY PRAYER	76

IDLE HOURS

IDLE HOURS.

UNUTTERED POEMS.

To all, at times, sweet Fancy lendeth wings :
To some, strong pinions—brilliant-hued and
 swift—
To others, feeble ones that labor when they lift ;
Sometimes, upleaping like a lark, there springs
Within each soul a joy that soars and sings :
 Sometimes by Sorrow's hand each heart is rift,
 And dol'rous sounds through all the senses drift ;
Anon, Love's voice throughout its being rings.
Then blame not him who strives to breathe his
 thought
In Passion's language, or in Fancy's tongue :
Immortal song had oftentimes been wrought
If all could utter what their souls have sung.
 Ah ! yes, in each a poem sighs for birth ;
 Who plucks it forth, an angel gives to earth.



LOST.

I had a friend. Our souls clasp'd hands ;
Our heart-strings, like two vines, about
Each other twined till twain seemed one
For time and for eternity.

One stormy night, lo, while I slept,
I know not how, or why, my friend
Unloosed the cords, and faithless fled.

Speak not of death, nor count that loss
Which plucks from earth a flower to plant
In Heaven.

He only sounds the depth
Of woe, and drinks the gall of life,
Who mourns a living friend that 's lost.

AUTUMN.

Hail, loveliest daughter of the year ! with all
Thy wealth of color and thy fruits of gold
Thrice hail ! Thy frosted locks, thy brilliant robes,
Thy glowing eyes ; thy nut-brown cheeks, thy sighs,
Now heard in whispers, now in passion wild,
Thy face, now sombre, now enwreathed in smiles—
All these inflame my soul with love of thee.

Thy generous gifts—the Indian summer days,
The evenings long, the charming nights, the rich
And luscious fruits, the garnered grain, the stores
Of good things—these, and countless blessings more,
Resplendent Princess, make thy first approach
As welcome as the coming of a king.

Behold, ye sons of men, the gorgeous sight !
Now royal Autumn with her train of nymphs,
A goddess each, is sweeping grandly through
The land. Go forth ! Go forth ! while yet ye may,
Ye sons of toil, and witness the display.

And thou, fair Season, linger yet awhile
Within our realm, that every care-worn soul
Thy touch may feel, and in thy glories see
Prophetic vision of the world to come.
My soul, be still ! the pageant onward moves,
Nor heeds thy foolish prayer. Look while thou canst !
Feast now thine eyes ! On Nature wait, nor ask
Her fairest princess on thy steps to stay ;
And when at last she 's gone, thank Heaven she came.

ACROSS THE STREET.

At open window, 'cross the street,
Each morn, soft eyes my eyes do meet,
Eyes large, and blue, and sad, and sweet.

'T is not for me her curtains slide,
'T is not for me she looks outside ;
She welcomes every thing beside.

The blithe canaries win her love,
That in gold cages swing above ;
To them she 's tender as a dove.

She greets her flowers with look divine,
That 'neath her glances bloom so fine,
And with soft fingers trains the vine.

The free-born sparrows of the air,
That flit about her windows fair,
Enjoy her smile and have her care.

To boot-black, beggar, passing near,
She throws a coin, or drops a tear ;
Me only doth she seem to fear.

Ah ! maiden, pure as snow-flake's wing,
Didst thou but know the heart I bring,
What chaste desires within it spring,

Towards thee, at least, thou 'dst not deny
One kindly look, nor question why
Across the street I turn my eye.

TO MARGARET.

Say not : " Behold ! I 'm growing old."
Thy golden locks, soft-tinged with gray,
That hint of age and youth's decay,
Become thee more, as year by year
Thy riper wisdom doth appear.

Say not : " Alas ! I fade as grass."
Thy beauty, fed by springs within,
Is comelier than it e'er hath been ;
A sweeter bloom, the spirit's grace,
Is kindling in thy earnest face.

THAT LOVE-MATING DAY.

Like vision elysian,
A golden-haired grace,
With beauty and duty
Aflame in her face,
Glides ever before me—
A light in my way—
Since she swung in the hammock
That love-mating day.

All sadness to gladness
All buds to full flower,
All wooings to cooings
Were changed in an hour :
All nature grew radiant ;
Work seems to be play
Since she swung in the hammock
That love-mating day.

As story of glory
Enkindles the soul,
Subduing and wooing
To lofty control,

THE GOOD MAN'S DEATH.

7

So she hath inspired me,
That spirit so gay,
Since she swung in the hammock
That love-mating day.

Like vision elysian,
A golden-haired grace,
With beauty and duty
Aflame in her face,
Glides ever before me—
A light in my way—
Since she swung in the hammock
That love-mating-day.

THE GOOD MAN'S DEATH.

(Suggested by the death of Dr. P. S. Shields.)

As dauntless as a lion,
Submissive as a lamb,
As cheerful as the sunshine,
Composed as evening's calm ;
As joyous as the sky-lark,
As up to heaven it flies—
'T is thus the good man passes
From this world to the skies.

TO ROZOLA.

Thou speak'st, at times, of friendship's holy joy,
And bid'st me taste a cup without alloy ;
Ere thou say more, give heed while I to thee
Declare what, to my mind, a friend should be :
No slavish soul, but one who has a will,
And yet who'd bear, to please, most any ill ;
Considerate, loving, and though always kind,
Just to reprove and ne'er through friendship blind ;
Abhorring strife, yet when the crowd defame,
Courageous to defend his friend's good name :
Kingly in soul, forgiving, patient, just ;
Sublime in faith—not doubting till he must.
Oh ! for a friend of this unselfish kind !
One such I had, can I another find ?

LAFAYETTE.

(The author's birth-place and life-time home.)

As swallow doth follow
 Its mate in its flight,
As lover doth hover
 Near maid with delight,
So my heart turns to thee,
 Thou charming coquette,
My sweet-heart and mother,
 My dear Lafayette.

Thy tresses, thy dresses,
 Thy soft eyes of brown,
The shimmer and glimmer
 Of thy picturesque crown,
Thy form and each feature
 Within me beget
A passion undying
 For thee, Lafayette.

In anger or languor,
 Asleep or awake,
Out walking or talking
 To wise man or rake,

Thou art a rare beauty
As ever was met,
And all stop to greet thee,
Brown-eyed Lafayette.

Thy favor is savor
Most sweet to my heart,
Inspiring and firing
Its innermost part.
But given or holden,
I cannot forget
Thy charms and thy graces,
Gold-haired Lafayette.

As swallow doth follow
Its mate in its flight,
As lover doth hover
Near maid with delight,
So my heart turns to thee,
Thou charming coquette,
My sweet-heart, my mother,
My own Lafayette.

HEAVEN ON EARTH.

To fly for repose
From Life and its woes
To home, where no doubt findeth birth,
Where Sympathy springs,
And Peace ever sings,
Is to fly to a heaven on earth.

Sweet, soul-soothing home !
The longer I roam,
The more of the world I descry,
The more I am sure,
This home that 's so pure
Is heaven let down from the sky.

THE POET'S ANSWER.

A maiden to a poet came
In deep distress.
"A friend hath writ me this," she said,
"Nor more, nor less :
'When dies the stem, the leaflet sure,
Sprung from its heart, cannot endure.'

"What meaneth this queer note, good bard ?
What should I do ?
What answer make to these dark words ?
Pray, what would you ?
Methinks that 'neath the surface lies
A meaning that my skill defies."

"For shame, sweet maid," the poet cried.
"Didst see a dove
E'er coo its mate ? Thy friend 's a man ;
The man 's in love ;
Had one I know thus writ to me,
This would my instant answer be :

" 'Thou art the stem,
I am the leaf,
Pray, shall my life
Be long or brief ?' "

HER EYES.

Her eyes are founts of sparkling depth,
O'erhung by lashes dark as night,
And glowing cupids sporting there
Speed thence swift arrows of delight.

Out-flashing from those liquid orbs
A glorious spirit-form is seen ;
'T is genius, with her radiant wings—
The twin of Love—supernal queen.

LOVE.

Who thinks to break the sacred knot
By Cupid's dainty fingers tied,
With force, or threats, or wicked plot,
Knows naught of Love's self-will and pride.

As Phoenix, 'mid consuming flame,
Takes on new life and upward springs,
So Love, that 's worthy of the name,
When tried by fire, puts on new wings.

It asks no boon but simple food,
For this 't will war 'gainst any odds,
Who serves it here, is counted good,
Who not, contendeth with the gods.

If driven from home, 't is not undone :
A thousand door-ways open wide ;
No power can kill it 'neath the sun ;
It only dies from suicide.

WAIT.

As child in glee
Its picture-book would see
At once, all through,
Nor heed its mother's voice to wait,
View well one leaf and then its mate,
So may not you
Or I, in scanning God's great book
Of Providence, as foolish look ?

How often we
Complain presumptuously
Of Heaven's decrees
As laws unjust, or criticise
Dogmatic'ly, as if our eyes
Saw all He sees ;
Unheeding, though He bids us hold
And judge not till his plans unfold.

When earth was young
Had some true prophet sung
What now we see—
Men talking 'cross great oceans proud
While raging tempests thunder loud,
As easily

As face to face—thou know'st how quick
'T would been denounced a pious trick.

Ah ! foolish man !
Thy utmost wisdom can
But glimpses catch,
Now here, now there, of things profound ;
Nor hope the truth, full orb'd and round,
From Heaven to snatch.
Wait ! mortal, wait ! in stronger light
All will in perfect whole unite.

MOTHER.

Calm as the starlit heavens was mother's face.
If Joy ran riot through our home-girt isle,
She voiced her pleasure with approving smile ;
If Grief stood sobbing in the sacred place,
She veiled her sorrow in a warm embrace ;
If troubles dire, with fierce envenomed guile,
Besieged our house, she fled not in exile,
But met each danger with a Heaven-born grace.
E'en yet she comes in spirit robes of light,
The same fond mother with the same strong heart,
To calm my mind and cheer me in the fight
With lurking foes that round my soul upstart.
Enough ! She hovers ever o'er my way,
God's angel to deliver when I stray.

FATHER.

For thee, brave spirit, noble sire,
In whom the rugged virtues shone
Enrobed in graces all thine own,
I 've oft essayed to string my lyre
To sound thy worth in song of fire,
In verse, that wheresoever blown,
Would touch and stir the heart of stone,
And so fulfil my soul's desire.
But ah ! too humble is the harp
The sweet-tongued Muses gave to me,
Its tones are all too harsh and sharp
To venture on such melody—
A Tasso's lyre, or harp of Poe
Alone, just tribute could bestow.

TO WOMAN.

If matchless beauty marks thy face,
If diamonds sparkle in thine eyes,
If perfect form thou hast, and grace,
Build not on these—they 're frail as lies.
In none of them, nor in the whole,
Is found sweet woman's richest dower ;
But, woman, know that in the soul
Resides the secret of thy power.

RIVERSIDE.

(To that accomplished sportsman and modest gentleman—
my boyhood friend,—Cyrus Gordon Ball, Esq., this sonnet is
affectionately dedicated.)

Where crystal river to the prairie flower
Sighs brief adieu, and (slipping 'neath the track
O'er which the lordly Locomotive Stack
Flames as a God) salutes a woodland bower,
Through which it sings exultant for an hour ;
Where sylvan lodge and mineral springs give back
New nerves and bounding step to those who lack ;
There smiles sweet Riverside in sun and shower.
Ah, me ! In this retreat of wild-wood haunts—
This angler's Paradise, where Nature sings—
I 'd rather rest me than where Fashion flaunts
Her jewelled nakedness, and fops are kings.
No hour, to me, in unmixed joy transcends
The times I 've loitered there with chosen friends.

AT RIVERSIDE.

At Riverside, all summer long,
Mid fragrant groves and wild-birds' song,
 A wood-nymph dwells—queen of the place—
 With welcome beaming in her face
To trooping friends who round her throng.
The manners sweet, the virtues strong
That all concede to her belong
 Bloom out with a diviner grace
 At Riverside.

At Riverside, where naught goes wrong,
Where changing joys bear all along,
 This Silvan Queen of blithesome pace,
 Of peerless hand, of sunny face,
Beguiles each hour to sing a song
 At Riverside.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.

("Great is the issue at stake, greater than appears, whether
a man is to be good or bad."—PLATO.)

A spirit within me
Is asking to-day,
As if to chagrin me
By what I may say,

Strange questions that waken
My soul from its ease,
As trees that are shaken,
Such questions as these ;

How much in time's mirror,
Of all the months past,
Will brighter and clearer
Shine unto the last ?

How seem you to others
Who gaze in the glass—
Your sisters and brothers,
As each of them pass ?

What have you forgiven
Of ill, or of hate ?
How much have you striven
The wrong to abate ?

What seed are you sowing
In the soil of the soul ?
What passions are growing
More under control ?

How much of your leisure
With profit have spent ?
How much in mere pleasure,
That brings no content ?

What mortal befriended
By thee, in his need,
In words unpretended
Now echoes the deed ?

'Bove all, to high Heaven
How seemeth your life ;
Unselfish and even,
Or broken with strife ?

Enough, gentle spirit,
Cease questioning, pray !
I see I 've no merit,
I 've failed every way.

Yet, bless I this morning,
This Happy New Year ;
The future is dawning—
Its skies are yet clear.

GRANT.

(Composed on the day of his funeral.)

Nor blood, nor wealth, nor prodigies at birth,
Nor God-like form, nor chance, nor kindly fate,
In peril's hour, first fixed the nation's gaze
On thee. Thy splendid deeds, they caught each
eye,

And trumpeted thy fame. All hearts were faint,
Till Belmont, Henry, and Fort Donelson
Proclaimed that he, so sought and longed for, had
At last been found. When Vicksburg, doughty
Queen

That held the bulwarked gateway to the Gulf,
On bended knee surrendered up her crown
With all her troops and engineeries of war,
The nation, with one cry, turned unto thee.
Thenceforth the steeds, that whirled War's chariot
moved

Obedient to thy will. Within thy brain
Up-sprang, distinct, the mighty complex plan
Of after war, which, like the God's sure mill,
Slow grinding, wrought at Appomattox field
Its purpose out, and crowned thee first of men.
That day the nation wept for joy ; to-day,
All bowed and craped, it sobs aloud with grief,
Or, through its tears, looks up to Heaven in thanks
That thou hast lived, and saved, and blessed the
State.

ZENOBIA.

Down through the ages, like a mountain stream
That leaps with shining footsteps to the plain,
Thy spirit glides, resplendent in its gleam,
Inspiring through each age, each drooping brain.

Thy great ancestor, Cleopatra fair,
Whose beauty crazed and set the world on fire,
To all her charms of person, made thee heir,
And yet thy bosom throbbed with chaste desire.

As queen, refulgent, of the gorgeous East,
In arms resistless, and in wisdom versed,
Thou hadst no peer : and though thy rule hath
ceased,
At fame's proud court, thou rankest 'mong the
first.

But ah ! great woman (greatest in thy fall
Hadst thou to good Longinus faithful proved),
How couldst thou, deaf to honor's clarion call,
Betray thy friend and see him die, unmoved ?

How couldst thou, after thou wast made a show
To Rome's fierce rabble, hold a mimic court
At gilded villa built thee by thy foe,
And be his slave—the people's scorn and sport ?

Out on thee, queen ! shame on thy later days !
But nay ! some fiend (with fiends that age was
rife)
Possessed thy frame and wrought through it *his*
ways ;
Thy spirit clave unto thy former life.

WHEN LOVE DECEIVES.

When Love deceives
It always leaves,
Despite the cleverest plot,
Some marks that tell
Its mate right well
Of wrong, it knows not what.

In Art, the eye,
Howe'er it try,
May not at once detect
The fault that mars,
Though, clear as stars,
It sees there 's some defect.

So Love betrayed,
Sees Love has strayed :
It little may know, long,
Of this, or that,
Its mate is at,
Yet knows there 's something wrong.

Hence, Love deceived,
Is always grieved :
It knows too little to arise
And break the chain
Of Love in twain,
Yet knows too much for laughing eyes.

THE HUNTRESS.

I saw her where the rye had been,
Amid the golden stubble,
At sun-set hour, when hunters win
Most booty for their trouble.

A stately Grace, round-limbed and fair,
That dazzled each beholder,
A mass of gold, her glossy hair,
Loose fell a-down her shoulder.

Wild trumpet flowers enwreathed her hat,
In all their gorgeous splendor,
While 'neath broad brim of dainty plat,
Brown eyes gleamed soft and tender.

A hunter's suit of green and gold,
Short-looped and trim, draped round her ;
Which silver zone in place did hold,
When I that evening found her.

Her fowling-piece swung down with grace ;
Alert, the beauty speeded ;
While friend on either side kept pace,
And blooded dogs preceded.

Ah ! now the pointers near the place ;
Look how they work, how splendid !
They flush the game ! Up spring a brace !
Bang ! bang ! their flight is ended.

"Steady !" soft speaks the long-haired maid.
The dogs crouch low and tremble ;
New cartridges in place are laid,—
Great stars her eyes resemble.

"Hie on, my beauties ! Careful, Ring !"
The pointers start, slow creeping,—
Wh-i-r ! wh-i-r ! buzz ! buzz ! the flock 's a-wing !
Two shots—three chickens sleeping.

The sun was gone ; the shadows swayed ;
The dew was on the clover ;
The moon smiled proudly on the maid,
The evening hunt was over.

SHE SUNNED HER HAIR.

She sunned her hair as mermaid might—
Long golden tresses of delight—
Or just as Venus, after birth,
Safe lighting on the velvet earth,
Her tresses sunned in Neptune's sight.
Aglow from bath, half robed—not quite—
With dreamy eyes that melt and smite,
Beside the river, in glad mirth,
She sunned her hair.

She sunned her hair, till, soft and light,
The breezes caught it in their flight,
Kissed every strand and sung the worth
Of her who wears Love's magic girth—
Most fair, when like a wild-wood sprite,
She sunned her hair.

MORAL COURAGE.

Like some great diamond in a crown of gems
That shames the rest,
Thou, lofty quality, throughout all time,
Thou art the best.

Thy sisters, like the planets 'bout the sun,
All wait on thee,
Yet each, in separate sphere, like goddess moves
High-born and free.

In thy repose, a maid thou seem'st to be ;
In war, a Knight ;
Clad now in gentle woman's garb, and now,
In armor bright.

Corruptions, like great giants stalk abroad ;
We wait for thee,
Joan of Arc saved France—save thou from sin
Humanity.

SUCCESS.

Think not to reach the longed-for heights sublime
On drowsy wing, nor in a moment's time.
Heaven crowns not those who sleeping wish to rise :
The soul who wears, must, struggling, win the prize.
Long time, with care, Apelles plied his art,
Ere glowing life would from his canvas start ;
Nor could Demosthenes, untrained, at will,
Make Philip tremble and all Athens thrill.
Genius, though bright, in full-orbed splendor
shines
Only when it with energy combines.
Unworthy they, who grieve that honor waits,
Go thou straight on, and, fearless, storm the gates ;
Conform but close to Nature's plain decree,
Rewarding Time shall give a crown to thee.

FAREWELL TO PITTSBURGH.

Farewell, proud city, where great Vulcan wills
To build his forges and his throne of gold ;
Where wonder, at each step, the stranger thrills,
And hearty welcome greets him as of old.

Farewell, twin rivers, whose majestic flow
Out-vies the grandeur of thy rock-ribbed hills ;
Which, like gigantic sentries, scowl or glow
As storm provokes, or soothing sunshine thrills.

Farewell, sweet friends, whose love is more to me
Than precious stones or fame's delicious draught ;
More grateful than cool breezes from the sea,
Or nectar such as Jove and Juno quaff'd.

Farewell, fond sights and joys that fade from view,
As white-winged *Scotia* bears me far from thee ;
Adieu ! a long, a sweet, a sad adieu,
To eyes that charmed, and soothed, and dazzled
me.

TO ANNIE LEE.

Four years ago, this very night,
A little angel, robed in white,
With tiny bow and golden lyre
Thick-set with sparkling gems of fire,
Perched close beside my dreamy couch,
(’T is very truth, I do avouch)
And in soft notes that joyous rang
Through all my soul, thus sweetly sang :

“ There is a pretty maiden,
The fairest of the fair,
Accomplished, pure, and lovely,
Withal, of queenly air.

“ Within this little locket
Her picture you may see,
Inscribed upon the cover,
Her name, sweet Annie Lee.

“ Ere long you ’ll meet this damsel
And see her face to face,
When, should you chance to win her,
You ’re happiest of your race.”

At this, the form of heavenly mould,
Sweet smiling, dropped the case of gold,

And borne upon her snowy wings,
Sought other realms and other things.
Since then I 've met thee, gentle miss,
And in thy presence feel such bliss,
That at this instant I 'd resign
All else for thee, my valentine.

IN MEMORY OF HON. JOHN A. STEIN.

Adieu ! bright spirit of the golden wing,
That seemed all poet when thou deigned to sing ;
All sage illumined, when impelled, thou wrote ;
All lawyer, when in court, thy sabre smote.

Adieu ! brave soul, that dared, for servile race,
Smite crowned oppression with young Freedom's
mace ;

That when Columbia drove the steeds of war
Shone bright in arms beside her flaming car.

Adieu ! proud knight, that scorned all petty strife,
And held thine honor dearer than thy life ;
That by thy manly deeds and courtly ways
Won troops of friends who love to sing thy praise.

Adieu ! but know the flower of virtue blooms
Long after death and sheds its best perfumes ;
That genius, like the setting sun, gives light
Though far within the portals of the night.

TWO DAYS.

(Suggested by the remark of a child that two days—one stormy and the other fair—reminded her of a dark-haired and a fair-haired girl.)

Twin sisters they, children of Father Time,
And yet no more alike than prose and rhyme.

The first—a peerless blonde of sunny face,
Long golden-haired, mild-tempered, and blue-eyed,
A languid beauty of voluptuous grace,—
In car of roses passed, the whole year's pride.

The next—a dark brunette, black-haired as night,
Fierce-eyed, who sounding forth a tempest dirge
And hurling forked bolts death-tipped and bright—
In storm-car thundered by, the year's worst scourge.

Thus night succeeds the day, grief follows joy ;
Each life, though wrought of gold, hath its alloy.


TO ISABELLE.

(A beautiful, sweet-mannered girl of eleven years, child of the author's boyhood friend.)

May Love and Duty wait on Beauty,
And the bud to blossom swell,
Till, enraptured by its fragrance,
God shall pluck his Isabelle.

IN THE WOODS.

Through mellow sunshine fall the golden leaves ;
A sweet and solemn silence reigns supreme ;
Nature, brown-cheeked and tired, disrobes for rest,
I look and wonder if I wake or dream.



THE INGRATE.

'T was night ; the sea was rough ; the lightning's
flash

Revealed a maiden in an open boat,
Who shrieked for help, then fell insensible.

Her lover heard, and from the shore plunged in
To save or sink with her. By miracle
Of love he gained the boat and snatched her from
The grave. Safe in his arms he bore her home,
And, laughing, gave her back to life and joy.

Time's chariot rolled apace ; the maid proved
false ;

Her lover knew, yet fullest pardon gave ;
She smiled upon him, clasp'd him to her breast
And kissed him thrice ; then—horrid thought that
chills

The blood to tell—she stabbed him to the heart.

I heard him groan ; I felt his spirit writhe ;
I saw his large blue eyes of faith run o'er
With tears, and heard him say, just ere he died :
“ I loved her much ; God pity me—and—her.”

SWEET BIRD, FEAR NOT.

Sweet bird, fear not. God sent thee here
Thy wing to rest, thy life to cheer.
Why flutter so? Why throbs thy heart?
Why dost thou doubt? Why shrink and start
From him to whom thou art most dear?
Rest, rest thyself; cast out all fear;
I am, sweet guest, what I appear.
Or me, or storm, or lightning's dart,
Sweet bird, fear not.

Sweet bird, fear not; a friend is near;
Look in my eyes! are they not clear
And free from guile? Just as thou art,
When sleeps the storm, thou shalt depart.
Till then, e'en though I seem austere,
Sweet bird, fear not.

THE NATION'S DEAD.

I.

Ye martyrs to freedom ! great-hearted and brave,
Who conquered rebellion, unshackled the slave,
Who cheerfully suffered, courageously died,
That others might taste what to you was denied,
Bend earthward and listen, this blooming spring
day,
While th' nation its tribute of homage shall pay.

II.

Forgotten ? Nay ! look, feast thine eyes on the
sight ;
The dear ones at home keep thy memories bright :
They speak not to-day but to mention thy name,
They glory in naught save thy deeds and thy fame ;
They see through their tears but thy face on the
wall :
They spare not a flower—they gather them all.

III.

Forgotten ? Thy comrades, who marched by thy
side,
Who loved thee—ah, yes, who for thee would have
died,—

Are gathering now, as forever they will,
From city and hamlet and valley and hill,
To tell of thy prowess, to witness their love,
To catch of thy spirit, ye brave ones above.

IV.

Forgotten ? The children, the cherubs of earth,
E'en they know thy names, aye, have known them
from birth ;
They listen, and wonder and weep at the tale
Of valor that triumphed, that knew not to fail,
And fondly regard each Thirtieth of May,
Their saddest, their sweetest, their best holiday.

V.

Forgotten ? Ah ! look, see the multitudes throng !
The garlands of flowers, they for thee bear along ;
The banners, the war-flags, all tattered and torn,
That often to vict'ry thine own hands have borne :
The throbbings of heart and the tear-drops that
fall—
Thy virtues, the sweet inspiration of all.

VI.

Can the nation forget, if so base that she would,
The heroes that saved her, her great and her good ?
Their vigils, their marchings in heat and in cold,
Their sickness, starvation, their hardships untold ?
No ! never ! No ! never ! while rivers shall run,
While father is proud of the deeds of his son.

ENERGY.

The flights of Genius, how sublime !
Yet Energy, in its own time,
Will unto heights as lofty climb.

The plans of Genius, lo ! how bold !
Yet Energy, which naught can hold,
Doth often schemes as grand unfold.

The works of Genius, oh ! how vast !
Yet Energy, if not so fast,
Hath by no builder been surpassed.

The faults of Genius, ah ! how great !
While Energy, which some berate,
Hath scarce a fault to deprecate.

Then cease to weep thy Genius lame—
If Energy thy soul inflame,
Success is certain, if not fame.

WHEN MOONLIGHT STREAMS.

When moonlight streams in rosy June
 And Nature hums her sweetest tune,
 Then lovers stray in shades remote,
 Alert lest aught from Beauty's throat
 Should reach the peering, tell-tale moon.
 Tired Labor, then, in gladsome swoon,
 The cooling sward clasps as a boon,
 And children sport and mothers dote
 When moonlight streams.

When moonlight streams in gorgeous June,
 And evening's calm is at its noon,
 When fire-flies on soft zephyrs float
 Like wandering star in airy boat,
 Then God is felt—or late or soon—
 When moonlight streams.

*VESUVIUS;**or,**THE GREAT KOKOMO GAS-WELL.*

Skyward leaping,
Proudly sweeping,
Grandly soaring,
Fiercely roaring,
Streaming, gleaming

In the darkness, flames the towering tongue of fire.

Upward, screaming,
Blazing, beaming,
Colors blending,
Flames contending,
Higher, higher,

Into darkness, bounds the blazing tongue of fire.

Dancing, playing,
Lightly swaying,
Clad in mellow,
Blue and yellow,
Singing, ringing,

In the darkness, laughs the joyous tongue of fire.

Flaming glory !
What thy story ?
In an hour

By thy power—
Magic, tragic
Wondrous power—wealth up-springs and cities
tower.

God or maiden,
Richly laden,
From thy prison
Newly risen,
Welcome ! Welcome !
Stay forever ! Gladsome, laughing child of fire.

FROM VELVET LIDS.

From velvet lids Love wings the dart
That deepest thrills the human heart.
The purest joy, the fiercest woe
That mortals here may ever know
From Love's sweet wound unfailing start.
When velvet lids—Love's gateways—part,
The tender god dons all his art,
And joy and woe commingled flow
From velvet lids.

From velvet lids whose fires impart
Ecstatic joy and keenest smart,
All men are warned, yet all men go
Where they may feel the kindling glow
Of charms that flash and gleam and dart
From velvet lids.

BEWARE.

Ye lovers, beware,
In your sail o'er life's ocean,
Of that rock of despair,
Which, in spite of devotion,
Wrecks love in its youth—
The rock of untruth.

The mail round love's boat
Is of confidence fashioned ;
One rent in that coat,
And the surges impassioned
Engulf without ruth—
Beware of untruth !

SWEET WORDS ARE SOUR.

Sweet words are sour when acts proclaim
That love is dead, asleep, or lame ;
 When days drag by, and footsteps stay,
 Till Wonder drives young Hope away,
And smoking Doubt bursts into flame.
Then like a trumpet's loud acclaim,
Through all the soul, that grieves to blame,
 These words resound by night and day—
 Sweet words are sour.

Sweet words are sour when care can tame
The heart of Love, and from its aim
 Divert the soul. If 'neath the sway
 Of any power, Love's steps delay,
The waiting heart bursts in exclaim—
 Sweet words are sour.

THE ROBINS.

Two robins, in the springtime vernal,
Joyed in a love that seemed supernal—
A love they vowed should be eternal.

Through sunny days and stormy weather,
On earth, in air, on pinioned feather,
They roamed in happiness together.

In time they built by joint endeavor,
A bonny nest so coy and clever,
That they, from home, were absent never.

Thus flew the hours in gladsome measure,
Each unto each a priceless treasure,
Till partings mixed alloy with pleasure.

She kept the nest as was her duty,
While he, each day, brought richest booty
To feed and cheer his robin beauty.

One day, in loving accents ringing,
She heard from far, her robin singing
When food, she thought, he should be bringing.

One evil thought will breed another,
Till, if the fiend we do not smother,
The soul will even doubt its mother.

So 't was with her ; the doubt kept growing,
Till, in the song she thought was glowing,
A new-found love that he was showing.

Henceforth her joy was changed to sighing ;
He found her once when she was crying,
But what the cause, defied his prying.

In vain he sought by new attention,
By every art of Love's invention,
To cure a grief that bode dissension.


Alas ! for love when thus offended !
She thought it all a scheme intended
To show a love that was pretended.

Belief was now the same as knowing ;
Rank poison through her soul was flowing,
And grief and rage were daily growing.

At last, as fledging time was nearing,
And dainty heads from shells were peering
To make their lives most blest and cheering,

Aye, when he, loveliest act was doing,
She fiercely charged that, spite his cooing,
He then another love was wooing.

As lightning startles by its thunder
And kills before there 's time to wonder,
His great heart heard and burst asunder.



Remorse now seized the robin mother,
Who, finding naught the fire to smother,
Soon fell in death beside the other.

* * * * *

A hungry hawk as day was dying
Heard from aloft, as he was flying,
What seemed the wail of birdlings crying.

On quick-poised wing, he hung suspended,
A moment, when, with beak distended,
He, like the forkèd bolt, descended
Upon Love's Household, undefended.

Alas ! for love so pure and winning,
Alas ! when doubts begin their spinning,
Alas ! to lightly charge with sinning,
Alas ! the end of sweet beginning.

PROGRESS.

Progress, clad in robes resplendent,
Through the screen of Thought is sifting
Old beliefs, and surely lifting
Womankind from state dependent
Up to a plane where sex shall be
No bar to full equality.

TO GIRLS.

Be self-reliant ! Aye, you must,
If you'd in trial stand the test ;
A soul that in itself can trust
Is doubly armed, is armed the best.

Be brave to do what you deem right
Despite your thoughtless sisters' frown ;
Their utmost ridicule and spite
Can pull no earnest worker down.

The milder virtues, all concede,
Should shine conspicuous in you ;
Methinks our women also need
To court the sterner virtues too.

The age expects much of your sex ;
Each gate is now thrown open wide ;
Then falter not ! but let this text,
This thought, with you fore'er abide :—
The real queen can stand alone,
Can grace a cabin or a throne.

BE BRAVE !

Though all the gods conspire to scourge,
Smile and be brave !
The world, if thou misfortunes urge,
Will dig thy grave.

They, who from pity, throw a crumb
To him that 's down,
Will, through respect for pluck, though dumb,
Bestow a crown.

HARD TIMES.

Gaunt, spectre-like, in cast-off robe,
With hungry eye and fevered breath,
He comes when looked for least, and like
Grim Death, stalks through the throbbing world
Of trade and deadens with his touch.

Whence, wherefore, to what end, he comes,
Or whither goes, or when, is known
To none. We feel his presence ; see
The engineries of life benumbed
And still ; mark how a blight and rust
Do rest on every thing, and how
Pale wretchedness and woe, in rags,
Do follow in his train, and how
He grins exultant over all ;
And yet our wisest seem as much
Confounded as did Pharaoh's priests
At old Egyptia's plagues. Oh, for
Some Moses, with illumined brain
And potent rod, to flood with light
The deep profound, and succor from
This blighting scourge ! Then would each wheel,
And spindle, forge, and mart of trade,
Its voice lift up in gladsome song—
Perpetual in its harmony—
Fit music for the race when each
Is owner of his home and plenty smiles,
Inviting from each open door.

*HYMN SUNG AT THE DEDICATION OF PURDUE
UNIVERSITY.*

Sign there is of coming glory !
Sign the people all shall rise,
That the State, e'er old and hoary,
Builds her schools with enterprise.
This the sign 'bove every other—
Culture, greatness go together.

Chorus—Rejoice ! a mighty work 's begun !
Rejoice ! a noble duty 's done !
The torch of learning kindled here
Shall burn the brighter with each year.

Lo ! behold this goodly college !
Reared to educate no class,
But a temple TRUE of knowledge,
Built to elevate the mass.
This the object—there 's no other,
Each is unto each a brother.

Chorus—

Come all people help to build it !
Keep its honor ever bright !
Raise it till the sunbeams gild it
First at morning, last at night.

This our duty—all together
We can make it last forever.

Chorus—

Now, to science and all learning,
We, the people of the State,
Joyful, hopeful, Heavenward turning,
This proud pile here dedicate.
Noble structure ! Priceless treasure !
Deeds there are time cannot measure.

Chorus—

THE DEATH OF LOVE.

Love lay dying, racked by fevers,
Fevers sprung from poisoned arrows
Shot by faithless lover's hand.

* * * * *

Years have flown and love is gray,
Still he 's dying, dying, dying,
Praying for sweet death to come.
In vain he waits, his doom is fixed,
Love's death is this : he cannot die.

GUILO'S ANSWER.

I.

Talk not of joy while last year's lover haunts thy
gate,
Nor while 't is clear thou 'lt have next year another
mate.

Know this :

Love is more selfish than a grasping fiend ;

And this :

No love from selfishness was ever weaned.

II.

Talk not of present bliss, with murdered love in
sight,
Nor talk of faith in one who drags past treachery
to light.

Know this :

The joy of love is hope that it will last ;

And this :

Its grief is dread lest it may be out-cast.

III.

Talk not of progress, growth, nor broader mental
range,
Nor boast thy right and easy aptitude to change.

Know this :
The maid of progress is a virtuous dame ;
And this :
Our aptitudes, unchecked, oft work our shame.

IV.

Talk not—but stay ! Enchantress of my heart and
brain !
So thou be near, I 'll serve and smile while life
remain.

Know this, meanwhile :
Love sees, but has not power to avert his fate ;
And this :
O pity, Heaven ! I love thee and I hate.

GENIEVE IN PHOTOGRAPH.

(Suggested by a lady presenting three different photographs of herself to a friend for his criticism.)

GENIEVE.

Sweet poet, please, is that like me ?
Dost thou, in truth, a likeness see ?

POET.

Like thee, Genieve ? I do believe
'T is thee thyself. That golden hair,
Those thin-carved lips so ripe and rare,
That Grecian nose, that royal pose,
Those eyes once seen, thence always known,
Are thine, Genieve, are thine alone ;
And whose but thine, that bust divine ?
The muses, from this profile view,
Would take thee for an artist true.

GENIEVE.

Look now at this ; if that be fine,
Then surely none would think this mine ?

POET.

Here too, Genieve, I do perceive
Thy very self. Those soulful eyes,
That languid beauty lovers prize,
That dreamy face, that careless grace,
Those parted lips with love aflame,
Speak each aloud thy beauteous name ;
And whose but thine, those arms divine ?
The gallants all, from this would swear,
That thou art Venus' lineal heir.

GENIEVE.

Good poet, sweet, this is the last :
See how in shade one side is cast !

POET.

The last, Genieve ? Alas ! I grieve—
'T is best of all. That open eye
That hateth guile, that cannot lie,
That trusting face, that modest grace,
That sweet, wise mouth of dainty size,
Are marks that all must recognize ;
And whose but thine, that smile divine ?
The poets all, if each were sworn,
Would say, for friendship thou wast born.

GENIEVE.

Good sir, thou dost not know Genieve ;
Thy words do cross, thou would'st deceive.

POET.

Deceive, Genieve? I beg thy leave!
Look thou at me, nor doubting smile,
And every word, I 'll reconcile.
Didst see the moon, at night and noon?
Didst see a dew-drop in the sun?
Then see it when the shadows run?
Now, thou dost dream, and now dost beam:
'T would take a score of views to leave
The just impression of Genieve.

ON CLIFTON HEIGHTS.

On Clifton Heights where Nature dowers
All things with beauty, and the flowers
With odors freight the mountain air,
And Peace strolls smiling everywhere,
The days, methinks, must seem but hours.
There, homes palatial, lift their towers
Like castles old, and wooded bowers
Invite to sweets without a snare,
On Clifton Heights.
On Clifton Heights, these Souls of ours
Awake in all their native powers.
The hill, the vale, the woodland fair,
The far-off views, caught here and there,
All these, for hours, my soul devours
On Clifton Heights.

MOTHER'S LOVE.

As at the Sunbeam's kiss the flower
In blossom smiles, so doth the power
Of mother's love from o'er the sea,
In kisses sweet sent after me,
 Sent after me
 Across the sea,
Incite my soul to bloom each day
And make me sing though far away.

TO JAMES NEWTON MATTHEWS.

Thine is a harp of jewelled amber ; wrought
By Nature's cunning fingers, when, blood-red,
Her lips were ripe with love and when her tread
Was lightest. Then it was that quick as thought
She fashioned it. Long time, in doubt, she sought
To find on earth a soul to whom she 'd wed
Her treasure, ere her hand upon thy head
She placed and said, " Behold what I have
brought ! "
Although its chords oft wooed thy hand to prove
Its depth of tone and gifts of witchery,
But late thou learned its wondrous pow'r to move,
And still doth doubt, methinks, who gave it thee.
Be bold to strike the chords when impulse knocks !
Each string 's a hair plucked from a Muse's locks.

CAN I DO NAUGHT ?

While doubts assail and foes conspire
To rob my soul of its desire ;
Can I do naught ?


Must thou alone, this battle wage,
While I am tortured to engage ?
Can I do naught ?

When most my cause seems lost to thee,
May some sweet angel plead for me !
I can do naught.

Alas ! in banishment I pine !
I watch, I wait, to catch a sign !
Can I do naught ?

FLY-FISHING IN TIPPECANOE RIVER.

An August sun hung in the drowsy west ;
Long shadows lay athwart the crystal stream
Whose high and wooded banks were all agleam ;
On rocks uplifted 'bove the wave's blue crest,
Green turtles, dozing, looked supremely blest ;
Throned on a limb, lit by the sun's soft beam,
A lone Kingfisher sat, as if in dream ;
All but the spring-fed waters seemed at rest.
A tree, half sunken in the limpid tide,
Marked where deep water into riffle led,
And where the gamey bass were wont to hide
In playing round the rapid's rocky head ;
While from the purling river rose and fell
A music sweeter than the sweetest bell.
Out in the flood, above the stranded tree,
In sporting boots, two knowing anglers stood,
Each one intent to cast first if he could.
"Look there !" cried one, as laughed his reel in glee
To see the line go hissing out to sea.
"Look here ! look here ! my jolly brother good,"
The other said, as he, cool-nerved, withstood
A fish that to'ards him headed savagely.
The dainty rods bent to the merry work,
The silken lines throbb'd quicker in the strife,
As here and there careered, with lunge and jerk,
Each royal bass in struggle for his life.
Long time, 'mid hope and fear, the battle raged,
Till safe, in landing nets, both fish were caged.



CATCHING A PIKE.

'T was in the blooming month of May,
Upon a mild and glorious day,
When H—— and B—— and all the boys,
A famous club for fun and noise,
Were fishing at the Kankakee,
As twice a year were wont to be,
That I achieved the goodly feat
Which impulse bids me now repeat.
We 'd fished all day far down the stream
With a success that was supreme—
Aye, till the boats seemed all alive
With fish that weighed from one to five,
And as the sun's last golden beam
Bedecked the tree-tops of the stream,
Had to the club-house just returned,
When I, with new-born ardor, burned.
“ A royal pike, my comrades gay,
Must grace the triumphs of the day ;
And while you cook the evening meal
I 'll through the bayou softly steal.”
So saying, two long rods I chose,
Slender, and tough, and straight as grows ;
Two fav'rite lines of double strength,
Of silken thread and gen'rous length ;

Two barbed foils of largest size—
A Lim'rick and the spoon I prize—
Then in the H. T. Sample boat
With buoyant heart was soon afloat.
Straight up the stream I noiseless plied,
With both lines trolling in the tide.
On one a noble minnow played,
While one a flashing spoon displayed.
All through the bayou thus I sailed,
Where rarely had I ever failed ;
But not one bite did fortune send :
Then pushed I up around the bend.
The river here was broad and deep—
Below a riffle swift and steep ;
The current down the centre bore
And left an eddy near the shore,
Along which grew out in the stream
Grasses and flags that pike esteem.
Close to the riffle's foot I rowed,
Outside of where the current flowed,
Then let the good boat float at will
O'er water deep and almost still ;
While I, discouraged all too soon,
Rose in the prow to hurl the spoon.
Scarce had I thrown the glitt'ring snare
When lo ! some monster struck it fair.
Down, down he went, deep in the main,
Till all the tackle seemed to strain ;
Then outward struck most fierce and strong,

And swiftly drew the boat along ;
While at each stroke for life he gave
The line went hissing through the wave,
And all the while in graceful show
The rod was bended as a bow.
Awhile I sailed, first in, then out,
Drawn by the unseen fish about,
Till, desperate grown, he, in despair,
Shot upward straight into the air
Full three feet high, with monstrous bound,
And open jaws that frightful frowned.
" A pike it is ! ah, sure enough,
A royal one of finest stuff."
He shook the foil about his head
With frantic force that plainly said,
" I will be free ; I 'll not be foiled."
Then downward plunged. The waters boiled.
I caught my breath ; I feared the worst :
" Hurrah ! he 's fast as at the first."
Again the rod was double bent ;
Again the boat a-sailing went,
Till, borne full fifty yards or more
To where the current struck the shore,
Far down the stream, the bark swung round,
When leaped I quick upon the ground.
Now on my native heath I stood
And played the pick'rel long and good.
Worn out at last, he seemed to yield,
And on his side an instant keeled,

But as I drew him near to land
And thought him safe within my hand,
He lunged again ; waged fiercest strife—
The final struggle for his life.
This short but desp'rate conflict o'er,
I drew him safely to the shore.
"Great Isaac Walton, what a fish !
Sure, sure enough, I 've got my wish."
Then wildly throwing up my arms,
I yelled to all the neighboring farms—
The while a-dancing like an elf—
"I 've caught a fish big as myself."
The first heroic transport past,
I sought to make the captive fast ;
But string, nor cord, nor rope was nigh
With which I 'd venture him to tie ;
A tough green withe I therefore cut,
And through his mouth securely put,
Then lugged my prize within the boat
And rowed without my hat or coat :
O how I rowed ! I fairly scud,
I skipped like light adown the flood.
The boys had heard my frantic cry
And forward pressed as I drew nigh,
And when they spied the noble pike
Methought I never saw the like.
They stared and gaped, and fairly tore,
And H——, indeed, he almost swore.
"The bed-cord get," they all cried out,

"We've nothing else that 's half so stout ;
The tape line and the steelyards too,
He must be weighed and measured true."
And so he was. It made me laugh :
His weight was eighteen and a half.
His length, let those who will distrust,
Was two and forty inches, just.
Then on the bed-cord strung by three,
The pike was in the stream set free !
The supper now was piping hot,
And good as ever sportsman got,
"You shall preside," my comrades said,
And placed me at the table's head.
We feasted long on fish and game,
And divers dainties I 'll not name,
While I told o'er and o'er again,
At their request, in boastful vein,
My great exploit, and gave with zest
Each attitude ; and 'bove the rest,
How cool I 'd kept while this occurred ;
How at myself ; and in a word,
How I with skill most rare and smart
Had practised all the angler's art.
Nor dreamed I then, those men of sense,
Were making fun at my expense.
But so it was : I had become
Their butt for ridicule and fun.
At last when still they pressed me sore,
To tell it only just once more,

I saw the point, and smiling said :—
“My friends, good-night,” and slunk to bed.
I forthwith dreamed a monstrous tale—
I thought I 'd caught a real whale,
And had him with the bed-cord tied
Securely at the river's side.
And often since, in waters deep,
I 've mighty fishes caught in sleep.

THE SOLDIER BOY.

(To the memory of Robert Hanna, a corporal in the author's company.)

While swell the praises of the great,
Who flame in war, or guide the state,
Let not the nation fail in thanks,
To him who bravely graced the ranks.
'T is he awakes my simple strain,
A brave, an humble warrior slain.
A boy he was—a manly boy—
Gentle of heart and full of joy ;—
Scarce eighteen summers on his head ;
'Mid scenes of rural beauty bred ;
So loved by all, so loving all,
One thought of man before the fall,
And marked him as a noble soul—
True as the needle to its pole.
Of graceful make, and fragile form,
That seemed unsuited to the storm,
Of modest step, yet gracious mien—
So much admired, so seldom seen,
Of rosy cheek and deep blue eye,
That struck each hasty passer-by,
He was a youth, whose beauty told,
Him sprung from Nature's choicest mould.

'Mid scenes of peace and rural mirth,
That nightly graced the homestead hearth,
This lovely boy, his golden prime
Was passing sweetly as a rhyme ;
When hark ! A horrid, thund'ring sound,
That shook Columbia's utmost bound,
And jarred the nations near and far,
Proclaimed the deed of Civil War.

Enough ! The starry flag was torn,
Insulted, scoff'd by traitors sworn.
One hundred times ten thousand youth
Sprang forth to strike for God's own truth ;
And foremost 'mid the patriot band,
Hard by the flag, was seen to stand,
That tender boy, more proud to view
Deck'd in his country's suit of blue.
And now his weeping friends draw near :
His father, mother, sisters dear ;
" God save my boy ! " his mother cried ;
" God save the flag ! " the boy replied ;
" Farewell, my son ! " his father said,
And blessed the stripling warrior's head ;
" Farewell ! " sobb'd all, in tones supprest,
And gushing tears supplied the rest.

Two years roll'd by—two bloody years—
And yet at home no boy appears,
For lo ! where'er the conflict raged,
He with the foe had been engaged.


On Shiloh's dark and bloody ground
He saw his comrades fall around,
And at the siege, when Corinth fell,
He did a soldier's duty well ;
And then on dread Stone River's banks,
Where storming lead swept down whole ranks,
He, with a soul a-fire, aglow,
Aided to deal the mortal blow,
That gave the banners of the free
That great and glorious victory.

Yet southward swept the Union host,
The boy still constant at his post.
Our matchless chief, victorious Grant,
Whose praise the world shall ceaseless chant,
Now guides the war, bids build the bridge,
And storm the heights of Mission Ridge.
Instant, in long and proud array,
Stood marshall'd for the deadly fray
A host of veteran hero souls,
O'er whom the old flag's silken folds,
From countless standards waving high
Against the rosy morning sky,
Hover'd like guardian angels bright,
To cheer them in the coming fight.

A moment now, all breathless stand,
While wingèd steeds bear swift command.
Forward ! Boom ! Boom ! the signal gun,
In thunder told the fight begun.

Now, like swift lightning's livid flash,
Against the frowning mount they dash,
Which instant to its centre shook,
As forth from every cliff and nook
Belch'd flaming fire on those below,
And laid in death whole legions low.
Still on they push to scale the steep ;
Up, up the rugged mount they sweep ;
When springs the ensign, quick as light,
To plant the flag on yonder height ;
But as the standard-bearer sped,
The foeman's bullet stretched him dead.

The boy, the gallant boy I sing,
Now forward first was seen to spring ;
'Mid showers of living, fiery lead,
That shrieked and stormed about his head,
He raised the flag, he waved it round,
And to the topmost summit bound.
Like lightning's flash, or meteor's glare,
The starry flag one moment there,
Borne by that dauntless warrior's might,
Gleamed through the gloom of that dread fight,
When, lo ! amid a shower of balls,
Pierced through the head, the hero falls ;
And downward, like a rushing star,
That shines resplendent from afar,
The glitt'ring flag, we love so well,
Descended where the hero fell.



But, thanks to God ! the heights are won ;
And now, like gorgeous setting sun,
As shouts on shouts of vict'ry rise,
He, in a blaze of glory dies.
And oh ! methinks an angel band,
I see, from yon celestial land,
Conduct his soul in heavenly state
In triumph through the pearly gate.

Illustrious youth ! thy work is done ;
Thy honor safe ; thy fame begun :
A grateful State thy birth shall claim ;
Thy kindred glory in thy name ;
And while the stars their courses run,
And mortals greet the morning sun,
The prattling child shall breathless hear,
The maiden's cheek betray a tear,
The pulse of youth throb fast and high,
And lightning kindle in the eye,
Whene'er in prose, or verse of gold,
The story of thy deeds is told.

THE LAST TOURNAMENT.

A day of trouble and of strife had closed :
The weak and innocent had fallen a prey
To perjury and fraud. O'erwhelmed with grief
And worn with musing long how this could be
And God be just, I, in my easy-chair,
Fell fast asleep ; when lo ! a vision rose.
I saw all Christendom in gorgeous state
Convened, as if in ancient tournament,
To witness mortal combat 'tween two foes
Who, since the birth of time, had fiercely waged
Incessant war. A lofty mountain range
That swept in graceful curve a circle vast,
Whose grassy side sloped inward, formed the walls
Of mighty Colosseum, which, immense
As the great orbit of a moon, enclosed
A wondrous plain. Upon these mountain sides,
All round the vast arena, tier 'bove tier,
The myriad hosts of earth expectant sat,
While from each towering mountain peak sublime
A nation's emblem like a lustrous star
Resplendent shone, proclaiming where each State
Its station held. Above the loftiest peak,
Flamed as a sun, Columbia's starry flag,
'Neath which, o'erlooking all the plain, in post

Of honor first—the free award of all
For valiant service to humanity
And right—the millions of America
On this proud day were all convoked, and through
Their great chief-magistrate presided o'er
The scene where Truth and Error, long at war,
Were now to meet before the assembled world
In last decisive fight. At signal from
Columbia's chief, lead by great organs wrought
Within the mountain sides, the nations all,
Now Christianized, in anthem joined that filled
The universe, as 't rose and fell, with strains
Of rapt'rous song. It ceased, and while its sounds
Yet ravished every ear, two mounted knights,
From mountain gorges opposite, beclad
In armor bright, into th' arena dashed.
On, on, they rushed like meteors great
T' engage at once, it seemed, in deadly strife :
But no ! as if by sudden impulse warned,
Each stopped in mid career to view his foe.
No pigmy men on earth-born chargers these,
But knights of giant form on mighty steeds,
Who now, full armed, on verge of horrid war,
Thus for a moment paused. The knight of Truth,
Whose entrance had from Northern gorge been
made,
On powerful, prancing, milk-white steed, a bright
Archangel seemed, above whose radiant helm
A lofty, snow-white plume unceasing danced,

And in whose hand a gleaming lance, bestud
With gems and winged with fire, terrific shone.
Error—e'er in deceptive garb—on proud
Black charger, seemed, in grace, in arms, in might,
Nowise inferior to his hated foe.'

A nodding plume, black as the raven's wing,
Adorned his plated crest, and in his hand,
Full poised, he grasped a lance that gleamed as
bright

And dreadful as his foe's. A moment thus,
Like eagles bent on prey, the champions paused ;
Then plunging rowels in their champing steeds
They turned, and sweeping mighty circle each,
To gather in his movement greatest force,
In clash of arms, with shock of thunderbolt,
In very middle of the lists they met.
Both lances shivered to the grasp. Through all
The mighty hosts a shudder ran that shook
The world. The foes spake not save as they spake
By forked lightnings from their eyes. Again
They sweep a circle, and with lances new
Again in e'en more fierce encounter join.
This time the lance of Truth drank blood and did
Upon the foe a direful wound inflict,
Whilst that of Error bounded harmless from
The shield of Truth. A burst of triumph now
From all the nations rent the heavens. Thrice more
They met in shock of arms with like result,
When, hand to hand, with flaming swords opposed,

They desperate battle waged, till Error, faint
And bleeding, fled pursued by Truth. Now like
Two rushing thunderbolts they sped, Truth close
Upon his foe and gaining fast, until
In horror, Error saw, uplifted high
Above his head, the battle-ax of Truth ;
When, with wild shriek, he mercy craved. Truth
heard

And spared ; but as he effort made the blow
T' withhold, the treacherous fiend advantage took
And stabbed him 'neath the lifted arm. Truth
groaned :

Then turning instant round, in stirrups raised,
With both hands swung the ax, and throwing all
His being in the blow, wide open cleaved
The coward's head. His trunk, with ponderous
weight,

Fell clanking t' the ground, while back to moun-
tain gorge

His steed affrighted fled. The nations now
Exultant rose ; the organs proudly pealed ;
The banners all and pennons gayly waved ;
Shouts upon shouts succeeding rent the skies ;
Heaven opened wide, and all her myriad hosts,
With joy elate, joined in the loud acclaim :
When lo ! from out a lum'nous cloud let down—
Amazing sight ! Jehovah's gracious hand
Was seen to place upon the victor's head
A jewelled crown.

But ah ! 't was all a dream.
Error still lives ; and till millennial dawn
Will on the dauntless Knight of Truth wage war,
When he, with crushing stroke, long time fore-told,
Will vision change to blest reality.

MY PRAYER.

O Thou, who in the universe of mind
Doth o'er free wills rule all supreme, and doth
Mankind from evils seen and unseen guard ;
Send poverty, or hunger, burning thirst,
Or sickness lingering long, or sudden death,
Or dread insanity, or any scourge,
But save, O save thy servant from himself.
Let no wild passion in unguarded hour,
Or greed of gold, or fame, or power, e'er lure
Him to a deed of infamy or shame.
Let honor, love, and righteousness, in fact,
As in sincere desire Thou knowest it does,
Inspire his life, and shed their sweet perfume
About his grave while men recall his name.
This, this, I crave, and only this, and all
In our great Master's name, and for his sake.







